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day, the 17th of May. On these occasions he will give brief but most interesting lectures on the Cathedrals of England, giving examples of the grand church music which those institutions have given birth to. There will also be performed many of the sublime chorales and choruses and other concerted music of the great masters of sacred song. The choral part will be sustained by a hundred voices, boys and men, who have been thoroughly trained and instructed by Dr. Cutler, who seems to have a special faculty for this difficult task. Dr. Cutler's Choral Festivals at Trinity Church last year, will long be remembered as the most unique entertainments of the class ever given in America. For this occasion he has gathered together some of the most exquisite boy's voices to be found in the country. He has devoted several months to the training of these boys, and has brought their performance to a state of rare perfection. Mr. George W. Morgan will assist Dr. Cutler, and we may expect a performance that will delight and satisfy all.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The Fifth Sunday Evening Concert will take place at Irving Hall next Sunday evening May 13th. On this occasion the same admirable artists who have made the previous concerts so popular will appear, and Mr G. W. Morgan will display the Odell organ in his own inimitable manner. Another overflowing audience may be anticipated.

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

(Continued from page 24.)

Raphael's overflowing amiability, through which, as Vasari says, he gave an example to artists how they should comport themselves toward the great, the mediocre, and the obscure, was not Michael Angelo's element. He did not glide, as if born from the clouds, over the mountains of life; he seized the impediments in his path, hurled them aside and so cut his way over the heights. He returned harsh, hard answers, and gave heed to no one. When Pope Julius pressed him to the completion of one of his works, and wished finally to know when he would be ready with it, Michael Angelo answered, "When I can," *quando potro*. The Pope, breaking out into a violent passion, raised a stick against the artist, and as he repeated the words "*quando potro, quando potro*," struck him. So these two stood toward each other. But a reconciliation was effected. They knew each other too well to separate; they often fell out,—this was not the only time,—but they could not do without one another, and, as each stood upon a sure ground, from which he proudly claimed the mastery of the world, they always came together again, when weaker natures would have separated.

Every one who feels himself great and strong, loves those whom he recognizes therein as his like. Even the bloodiest feuds cannot tear them apart. Unconsciously their eyes meet, for each seeks him whose being is a measure of his own, and the desire to be at this one's side overcomes all obstacles. According to this law, the great are drawn to the great, the common to the common. This law determines the career of the beggar and the king. Without it certain relations cannot be explained. Voltaire and Frederick had learned to know each other to their mutual satisfaction. The king knew that Voltaire was false, deceitful,

and much vainer of his connection with him than sincerely devoted to him. Thereupon he wrote to him, uncovered his whole heart to him, and awaited his answer. He felt that this man stood high enough to understand him, and this feeling caused him to sink all others as of trivial importance. Let one read through the poems of Michael Angelo, and his biography, as written by Vasari and Condivi, and he will receive the impression of a man who, all alone, traveled an unknown and fearful path. Let one, however, regard the incidents of the life of contemporaneous artists, and he will then experience how immeasurable was his influence upon all, and how the rays of Art centered in him. Everywhere his hand is in the play; he disinterestedly aids this one and that one in their work; misheven marbles, which, marred by others, lay unused, tempted him to essay what could be shaped from them; in the midst of the fortifications of his native city he chiseled upon a stone in the wall the "Flying Victory." It sprang from the mere pleasure of work, he was indifferent as to the issue. His outbreaks of passion arise anew however often they may be checked, and they are then doubly affecting and impressive. No one can doubt, whether the heart of this severe man was hard and unfriendly, or mild and filled with the noble love of humanity. When I read how Beethoven loved men and yet shunned them, the secluded life of the great Florentine occurred to me, while Mozart's amiable bearing toward all who met him, reminded me of Raphael. Yet how divergent was the career of these two! Like two butterflies from the garden of the Hesperides, the storm of life blew them down into the world, in which they both fell to the ground, the one, because it was driven aside into wanton fields of blossoms, the other, because it flew over stony places until it fell wearied to the earth.

Mozart's creations, like Raphael's, stand forth as if they sprang full-formed from the ground. In them there is nothing to change, no work is visible in them; they exist; their only aim is to fill the voids which, if they were wanting, would remain unfilled. They may be viewed from all sides. The observer goes around them as around a blooming aloe tree. Thus, too, are Shakespeare's works fashioned; but while these are so rounded and complete, they fail in one quality—a quality which Michael Angelo's works possess, which Beethoven's music has, and which these men bring so near the heart; they give announcement of that daemonic impulse toward form, which stirred the souls of their authors, and which is the true source of their works. They do not float us away in an ecstasy, free from care, but bring to us in forms that may not be forgotten and in the full glow of light, the battle and the victory, or, it may be, only the longing for the victory. As I contemplated Raphael's Madonna in the Gallery of Dresden, the whole world seemed to dissolve in mist around it, and only this form stood before my eyes. In a word, it takes from the spirit its freedom, it seizes it and soars with it to the higher realms. How different is the influence which a piece of sculpture by Michael Angelo, one of his finished works, exercises upon me. I am familiar only with the plaster cast; the original is in Paris. It places before the eye a dying youth, one of the forms which surround the tomb of Pope Julius, as it was first designed and begun. They are intended to indicate the conquered provinces of the realm. The body stands upright; a band running under the breast

holds it from sinking to the ground; one arm touches the breast, the other lies upward above the head, which, wearing the expression of death, droops feebly to one side. The godlike tenderness of youth is suffused over the form. A dying smile encircles the lips, an expression of deepest sorrow ladens the eyes. One stands before it, and the pain of beauty dissolving in death oppresses his soul. One feels freer, greater; one would fain meet death like this youth. Every line flows from the same feeling. The small hips, the powerless knees, the relaxing hands, the eyes, upon which the lids have sunken, before which the world already sways glimmeringly to and fro, and will soon vanish quite away,—this work draws me mightily to the heart of the man, of the powerful artist. I think of Michael Angelo, and the gloomy welkin, under which he journeyed, seems to me more home-like than the endless heaven of light to which Raphael bears me on his wings. To us Germans, the artist stands higher in importance than his works. Goethe is greater than all his poems, Schiller is himself dearer to us than aught that he has written. For this reason also Hamlet is the greatest of Shakespeare's works, because it discloses most profoundly his own soul, while the others only present shapes which are as near as they are distant. In Hamlet one sinks with the poet into the question of life, and shuddering feels the faint lines between certainty and illusion, which define the path of the human soul. It does not let us rest, it drives us forward to strides of our own. This, too, Michael Angelo does, and I willingly follow him, though troubled stars light his path, rather than repose with Raphael in the peaceful light, which invests everything, but leaves nothing for the wrestlings of my own thought.

ENGRAVING.

In the London *Art Journal* for April, Mr. Ruskin continues his somewhat discursive "Cestus of Aglaia." The present chapter deals of engraving:

I. And first, of pure line engraving.

This is the only means by which entire refinement of intellectual representation can be given to the public. Photographs have an inimitable mechanical refinement, and their legal evidence is of great use if you know how to cross-examine them. They are popularly supposed to be "true," and, at the worst, they are so, in the sense in which an echo is true to a conversation of which it omits the most important syllables and reduplicates the rest. But this truth of mere transcript has nothing to do with Art properly so called; and will never supersede it. Delicate art of design, or of selected truth, can only be presented to the general public by true line engraving. It will be enough for my purpose to instance three books in which its power has been sincerely used. I am more in fields than libraries, and have never cared to look much into book illustrations; there are, therefore, of course, numbers of well-illustrated works of which I know nothing; but the three I should myself name as typical of good use of the method, are I. Roger's *Poems*, II. the Leipzig edition of Heyne's *Virgil*, (1800), and, III. the great "*Description de l'Egypte*."

The vignettes in the first named volumes (considering the *Italy* and *Poems* as one book) I believe to be as skilful and tender as any hand work, of the kind, ever done; they are also wholly free from affectation of overwrought fineness, on the

*From the German of HERMANN GRIMM.

one side, and from hasty or cheap expediences on the other; and they were produced under the direction and influence of a gentleman and a scholar. Multitudes of works, imitative of these, and far more attractive, have been produced since; but none of any sterling quality: the good books were (I was told) a loss to their publisher, and the money spent since in the same manner has been wholly thrown away. Yet these volumes are enough to show what lovely service line engraving might be put upon, if the general taste were advanced enough to desire it. Their vignettes from Stothard, however conventional, show in the grace and tenderness of their living subjects how types of innocent beauty, as pure as Angelico's, and far lovelier, might indeed be given from modern English life, to exalt the conception of youthful dignity and sweetness in every household. I know nothing among the phenomena of the present age more sorrowful than that the beauty of our youth should remain wholly unrepresented in Fine Art, because unfelt by ourselves; and that the only vestige of a likeness to it should be in some of the more subtle passages of caricatures, popular (and justly popular) as much because they were the only attainable reflection of the prettiness, as because they were the only sympathising records of the humours, of English girls and boys. Of our oil portraits of them, in which their beauty is always conceived as consisting in a fixed simper—feet not more than two inches long, and accessory grounds, pony, and groom—our sentence need not be "*guarda e passa*," but "*passa*" only. Yet one oil picture has been painted, and, so far as I know, one only, representing the deeper loveliness of English youth—the portraits of the three children of the Dean of Christ Church, by the son of the great portrait painter, who has recorded whatever is tender and beautiful in the faces of the aged men of England, bequeathing, as it seems, the beauty of their children to the genius of his child.

The second book which I named, Heyne's *Virgil*, shows, though unequally and insufficiently, what might be done by line engraving to give vital image of classical design, and symbol of classical thought. It is profoundly to be regretted that none of these old and well-illustrated classics can be put frankly into the hands of youth; while all books lately published for general service, pretending to classical illustration, are, in point of Art, absolutely dead and harmless rubbish. I cannot but think that the production of well-illustrated classics would at least leave free of money-scarce, and in great honor, any publisher who undertook it; and although schoolboys in general might not care for any such help, to one, here, and there, it would make all the difference between loving his work and hating it. For myself, I am quite certain that a single vignette like that of the fountain of Arethusa, in Heyne, would have set me on an eager quest, which would have saved me years of sluggish and fruitless labor.

It is the more strange, and the more to be regretted, that no such worthy applications of line engraving are now made, because, merely to gratify a fantastic pride, works are often undertaken in which, for want of well-educated draughtsmen, the mechanical skill of the engraver has been wholly wasted, and nothing produced useful, except for common reference. In the great work published by the Dilettanti Society, for instance, the engravers have been set to imi-

tate, at endless cost of sickly fineness in dotted and hatched execution, drawings in which the light and shade is always forced and vulgar, if not utterly false. Constantly (as in the 37th plate of the first volume), waving hair casts a straight shadow, not only on the forehead, but even on the ripples of other curls emerging beneath it; while the publication of plate 41, as a representation of the most beautiful statue in the British Museum, may well arouse any artist's wonder what kind of "diletto" in antiquity it might be from which the Society assumed its name.

The third book above-named as a typical example of right work in line, the "*Description de l'Egypte*," is one of the greatest monuments of calm human industry, honestly and delicately applied, which exists in the world. The front of Rouen Cathedral, or the most richly-wrought illuminated missal, as pieces of resolute industry, are mere child's play compared to any group of the plates of natural history in this book. Of unemotional, but devotedly earnest and rigidly faithful labor, I know no other such example. The lithographs to Agassiz's "*poissons fossiles*" are good in their kind, but it is a far lower and easier kind, and the popularly visible result is in larger proportion to the skill; whereas none but workmen can know the magnificent devotion of unpretending and observant toil, involved in even a single figure of an insect or a starfish on these unapproachable plates. Apply such skill to the simple presentation of the natural history of every English county, and make the books portable in size, and I cannot conceive any other book-gift to our youth so precious.

II. Wood-cutting and etching for serious purpose.

The tendency of wood-cutting in England has been to imitate the fineness and manner of engraving. This is a false tendency; and so far as the productions obtained under its influence have been successful, they are to be considered only as an inferior kind of engraving, under the last head. But the real power of wood-cutting is, with little labor, to express in clear delineation the most impressive essential qualities of form and light and shade, in objects which owe their interest not to grace, but to power and character. It can never express beauty of the subtlest kind, and is not in any way available on a large scale; but used rightly, on its own ground, it is the *most purely intellectual* of all Art; sculpture, even of the highest order, being slightly sensual and imitative; while fine wood-cutting is entirely abstract, thoughtful, and passionate. The best wood-cuts that I know of in the whole range of Art are those of Durer's "*Life of the Virgin*;" after these come the other works of Durer, slightly inferior from a more complex and wiry treatment of line. I have never seen any other work in wood deserving to be named with his; but the best vignettes of Bewick approach Durer in execution of plumage, as nearly as a clown's work can approach a gentleman's. Some very brilliant execution on an inferior system—less false, however, than the modern English one—has been exhibited by the French; and if we accept its false conditions, nothing can surpass the cleverness of our own school of Dalziel, or even of the average wood-cutting in our daily journals, which however, as aforesaid, is only to be reckoned an inferior method of engraving. These meet the demand of the imperfectly-educated public in every kind; and it would be absurd to urge any change in the method, as long as the public remain in the same stage of

knowledge or temper. But, allowing for the time during which these illustrated papers have now been bringing whatever information and example of Art they could, to the million, it seems likely that the said million will remain in the same stage of knowledge yet for some time. Perhaps the horse is an animal as antagonistic to Art in England, as he was in harmony with it in Greece; still, allowing for the general intelligence of the London-bred lower classes, I was surprised by a paragraph in the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, quoting the *Star* of November 6th, of last year, in its report upon the use made of illustrated papers by the omnibus stable-men to,—the following effect:—

"They are frequently employed in the omnibus yards from five o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, so that a fair day's work for a 'horse-keeper' is about eighteen hours. For this enormous labor they receive a guinea per week, which for them means seven, not six, days; though they do contrive to make Sunday an 'off-day' now and then. The ignorance of aught in the world save 'orses and 'busses' which prevails amongst these stablemen is almost incredible. A veteran horse-keeper, who had passed his days in an omnibus-yard, was once overheard praising the '*Lustrated London News* with much enthusiasm, as the best periodical in London, 'leastways at the coffee shop.' When pressed for the reason of his partiality, he confessed it was the 'pick-shers' which delighted him. He amused himself during his meal-times by 'counting the images!'"

But for the classes among whom there is a real demand for educational art, it is highly singular that no systematic use has yet been made of wood-cutting on its own terms; and only here and there, even in the best books, is there an example of what might be done by it. The frontispieces to the two volumes of Mr. Birch's "*Ancient Pottery and Porcelain*," and such simpler cuts as that at p. 273 of the first volume, show what might be cheaply done for illustration of archaic classical work; two or three volumes of such cuts chosen from the best vases of European collections and illustrated by a short and trustworthy commentary, would be to any earnest schoolboy worth a whole library of common books. But his father can give him nothing of the kind—and if the father himself wish to study Greek Art, he must spend something like a hundred pounds to put himself in possession of any sufficiently illustrative books of reference. As to any use of such means for representing objects in the round, the plate of the head of Pallas facing p. 168 in the same volume, sufficiently shows the hopelessness of setting the modern engraver to such service. Again, in a book like Smith's dictionary of geography, the wood-cuts of coins are at present useful only for comparison and reference. They are absolutely valueless as representations of the art of the coin. Now, supposing that an educated scholar and draughtsman had drawn each of these blocks, and that they had been cut with as much average skill as that employed in the wood-cuts of *Punch*, each of these vignettes of coins might have been an exquisite lesson, both of high Art treatment in the coin, and of beautiful black and white drawing in the representation; and this just as cheaply—nay, more cheaply—than the present common and useless drawing. The things necessary are indeed not small,—nothing less than well educated intellect and feeling in the draughtsmen; but intellect and feeling, as I have often said before now, are always to be had cheap

if you go the right way about it—and they cannot otherwise be had for any price. There are quite brains enough, and there is quite sentiment enough, among the gentlemen of England to answer all the purposes of England: but if you so train your youths of the richer classes that they shall think it more gentlemanly to scrawl a figure on a bit of note paper, to be presently rolled up to light a cigar with, than to draw one nobly and rightly for the seeing of all men;—and if you practically show your youths, of all classes, that they will be held gentlemen, for babbling with a simper in Sunday pulpits; or grinning through, not a horse's, but a hound's collar, in Saturday journals; or dirtily living on the public money in government non-offices:—but that they shall be held less than gentlemen for doing a man's work honestly with a man's right hand—you will of course find that intellect and feeling cannot be had when you want them. But if you like to train some of your best youth into scholarly artists,—men of the temper of Leonardo, of Holbein, of Dürer or of Velasquez, instead of decomposing them into the early efflorescences and putrescences of idle clerks, sharp lawyers, soft curates, and rotten journalists,—you will find that you can always get a good line drawn when you need it, without paying large subscriptions to the schools of Art.

III. This relation of social character to the possible supply of good Art is still more direct when we include in our survey the mass of illustration coming under the general head of dramatic caricature—caricature, that is to say, involving right understanding of the true grotesque in human life; caricature of which the worth or harmfulness cannot be estimated, unless we can first somewhat answer the wide question, What is the meaning and worth of English laughter? I say, “of English laughter,” because if you can well determine the value of that, you determine the value of the true laughter of all men—the English laugh being the purest and truest in the metal that can be minted. And indeed only Heaven can know what the country owes to it, on the lips of such men as Sydney Smith and Thomas Hood. For indeed the true wit of all countries, but especially English wit (because the openest), must always be essentially on the side of truth—for the nature of wit is one with truth. Sentiment may be false—reasoning false—reverence false—love false,—everything false except wit; that *must* be true—and even if it is ever harmful, it is as divided against itself—a small truth undermining a mightier.

On the other hand, the spirit of levity, and habit of mockery, are among the chief instruments of final ruin both to individual and nations. I believe no business will ever be rightly done by a laughing Parliament; and that the public perception of vice or folly which only finds expression in caricature, neither reforms the one, nor instructs the other. No man is fit for much, we know, “who has not a good laugh in him”—but a sad wise valor is the only complexion for a leader; and if there was ever a time for laughing in this dark and hollow world, I do not think it is now. This is a wide subject, and I must follow it in another place; for our present purpose, all that needs to be noted is that, for the expression of true humor, few and imperfect lines are often sufficient, and that in this direction lies the only opening for the serviceable presentation of amateur work to public notice.

I have said nothing of lithography, because,

with the exception of Samuel Prout's sketches, no work of standard Art-value has ever been produced by it, nor can be: its opaque and gritty texture being wholly offensive to the eye of any well-trained artist. Its use in connection with color is, of course, foreign to our present subject. Nor do I take any note of the various current patents for cheap modes of drawing, though they are sometimes to be thanked for rendering possible the publication of sketches like those of the pretty little “Voyage en Zigzag” (“how we spent the summer”) published by Longman—which are full of charming humor, character, and freshness of expression; and might have lost more by the reduction to the severe terms of wood-cutting than they do by the ragged interruptions of line which are an inevitable defect in nearly all these cheap processes. It will be enough, therefore, for all serious purpose, that we confine ourselves to the study of the black line, as produced in steel and wood. And I will endeavor in my next paper to set down some of the technical laws belonging to each mode of its employment.

J. RUSKIN.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

There has been much said and written about the degeneracy of the drama within the last few years, and, I begin to fear, with some truth. Take our New York theaters, for instance; at every one of them, with the exception, perhaps, of Wallack's, the plays being performed are more or less bad. The great idea of theatrical managers nowadays seems to be not to present good actors and good plays, but sensational actors and sensational plays; and, alas, for the discrimination of play-goers! they are sustained in this course by the public. Adah Isaacs Menken draws larger houses than Edwin Booth! Now, why is this? Surely civilization is not going backward, and in many things our tastes are purer and more refined than they were twenty-five or fifty years ago, but the fact still remains that the popular taste for the drama is becoming more and more depraved every day, and that real, sterling acting and thoroughly excellent plays are giving place to third or fourth rate tyros and blood-and-thunder melodramas. Are not the managers to blame for this? The fondness for theatrical representations is growing stronger in this country every year, and the public will go to the theaters no matter how mediocre the performances they are called upon to witness. The managers know this perfectly, and instead of laboring earnestly to elevate the tastes of the people, produce plays which tend to deprave and demoralize them. I do not write this in a carping or hypercritical spirit, but it is my honest conviction that with thoroughly good actors—and there are many such among us—and a high-toned class of plays, that the stage is capable of doing great good, both in elevating our tastes and imbuing us with true and honest sentiments, and it is high time that everyone who has the ear of the public should urge, in the strongest language he is capable of, the inauguration of this much needed reform.

On Monday evening of last week “Mazeppa” was produced at the Broadway Theater, with Miss Adah Isaacs Menken in the title part. From that time to this the houses have been nightly filled to overflowing. And all for what? Not to see the play, certainly, for no reasonably sensible person could sit through such a rhodomontade of love-sick twaddle and bombast; nor the acting, which is unmitigatedly bad; no, it is neither of these; the people go to see a handsome and magnificently formed woman in a state of semi-nudity. True, they are satisfied in both of these respects, but would it not augur better for the public taste were they to stay away?

It is impossible to criticise Miss Menken's “Mazeppa,” as a piece of acting, from the simple fact that there is no acting in it; when I have said that she is a magnificently formed woman, and an excellent posturer, nothing else remains. These are both indispensable qualifications in a pantomimist, but they go very little way toward making a good actress.

LATEST READINGS.

A Captain Thomas Musgrave has just published a book in London, made up from his private journals, entitled, “Cast Away on the Auckland Isles,” which possesses unusual interest; and might in skillful and experienced hands be made as attractive as Robinson Crusoe, judging from the specimens furnished by the English criticisms which have reached us. It is the record of a shipwreck, and the isolated life of five men for twenty months on a desert island. Captain Musgrave commanded a small vessel called the Grafton, which was wrecked upon the Auckland Islands, about four hundred miles to the south of New Zealand, and there, with four of his crew, for twenty months, experiencing “almost unimaginable hardships.” The only tools they had were a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet, with which they contrived to make, after long and persevering labor, a kind of house, with a fire-place and chimney to it. For provisions they were dependent on seals, widgeons, mussels, and a sort of saccharine root found on the island. After bearing up for several months in a struggle against starvation, some of the men grew insubordinate, but the Captain happily exorcised this spirit of disaffection in a manner as remarkable as wise. He did not appeal to brute force or any stratagem involving usages which in the minds of most are only suitable to meet such an emergency. He took a contrary course, which his diary explains:

“I have adopted a measure for keeping the men in order and subjection, which I find to work admirably, and it also acts beneficially on my own mind. This is teaching school in the evening, and reading prayers, and reading and expounding the Scriptures on Sunday to the best of my poor ability. We have done this for some time now, and I am happy to say with much greater success than I at first expected. They are all getting particularly fond of reading and hearing the Bible read. Some of them cannot read yet, but they are learning very fast, and I have not heard a profane word spoken for a long time.”

By an act of great daring the sufferers managed their escape. After much labor they succeeded in constructing a frail boat, in which Captain Musgrave with two of his companions went out to sea, and made their way to Invercargill, New Zealand, where a subscription was raised, by which a vessel was chartered to relieve the other two men on the island.

The voyage of rescue is one of the most exciting portions of the narrative; for the sea was tempestuous, and the difficulties of the seamen were almost overwhelming. While the continual details of changes of wind, and barometrical observations, are of value to nautical men, it is thought the general reader will find them tedious. “More might be made of the difficulties and hardships of the cast-away mariners during their twenty months' separation from their fellow-men; but the book is of abundant interest, and will be extensively read. It might be prop-